

CHARIVARIA.

"THE Alphabet of the National Insurance Act" has appeared. Few persons get further than "D."

How fleeting is fame! An Institute of Inventors is to be formed, and there have been nominated as President and Vice-Presidents the Earl of MINTO, Lord HALSBURY, Lord Justice FLETCHER-MOULTON, Mr. MARCONI and Sir HIRAM MAXIM; but not Mr. URE.

Suggested motto for the Trade Union which advises men to starve rather than work an extra hour a day: "L'Union fait la farce."

It looks as if Saturn as well as Mars were inhabited. It is reported from a Massachusetts Observatory that Saturn's ring is breaking up. This is possibly due to the agitation against trusts in the United States.

The Committee of the Royal Naval and Military Tournament have decided this year to offer a £100 prize in addition to the challenge cup for the Officers' Jumping Competition. This seems the right thing to do in Leap Year.

Which reminds us that, in the announcements of Engagements which *The Express* publishes, in some cases the gentleman is said to be engaged to the lady, and in others the lady to the gentleman. The former, we presume, are the result of Leap Year proposals.

Mr. GORDON CRAIG's production of *Hamlet* in Russian has been such a success at Moscow that there is a talk of bringing the entire production to London. Indeed it is said that an erudite Russian has already started translating the play into English.

The Sunday Chronicle informs us that both Mr. Justice Bucknill and the Court of Appeal refused the application of the Palace Theatre for an injunction against "Mr. Arthur Bourchier, the well-known actor, and Mrs. Bourchier, professionally known as Miss Violent Vanbrugh." A name like that may well have terrorised their Lordships.

The HOME SECRETARY, in the execution of his undoubted prerogative, has ordered the release of an innocent man. This seems only fair.

It sounds incredible, and we give the rumour under all reserve, but it is said that the grounds of the new hotel for

convicts shortly to be opened at Parkhurst, Isle of Wight, do not comprise a golf course.

The legal rights of pavement artists were questioned at the Kingston Police Court the other day. We understand that a special meeting of the Society of Pastellists has been summoned to consider the situation.



SPECIALLY DESIGNED TO MEET THE EVER-GROWING TASTE FOR LONGER AND LONGER CORSETS.

The Sardinian Archway in Lincoln's Inn Fields, with the three houses adjoining, which were erected by INIGO JONES in the 17th century, are now being demolished. "It is said that many crimes have been committed in the archway." Archaeologists are of the opinion that this last is not the least of them.

According to M. BONNAIRE, the agent-general for the great International Musical Tournament which is to take place at Paris in May, the excellence of English choirs is due to the national habit of tea-drinking. There may be

something in this. We have even known the water in a kettle to sing beautifully when ready to join the tea.

Mr. NEIL FORSYTH, the manager of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, says it is a very rare event for an artiste wilfully to refuse to perform unless prevented by illness. Yet surely not so long ago there was a strike of Carmen.

Professor REINHARDT has informed an interviewer that he would love to have the Albert Hall. If only someone could persuade the Professor to take the Albert Memorial instead!

THE CULT OF THE GLAD EYE.

[“‘The Glad Eye’ at the Apollo Theatre is to be the basis of a novel by Mr. Ranger Gull, and ‘The Glad Eye Two Step’ by Mr. Ernst Bucalossi.”—*Evening News*.]

“The Glad Eye” will be the subject next Sunday at the Temple Tabernacle.

The authorities of the London Ophthalmic Hospital have determined to move with the times and to re-name the institution “The Glad Eye Hospital.”

Dr. INGE’s recent cheerful lecture on “Christian Joy” has earned for him the title of “The Glad-Eyed Dean.”

Smart dances in Society this Season are termed “Glad Eye-Balls.”

A new Liberal morning paper, *The Daily Glad Eye*, will shortly appear. Its professed policy will be to look at everything from an optimistic point of view.

Just before he went abroad Mr. ASQUITH was called on by a militant suffragette, who was informed that the PREMIER was not at home. On her return to Clement’s Inn she found a telegram waiting, with the mysterious message, “Glad Eye was out.”

“On Sunday afternoon the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Pressley was baptised in the Parish Church. Mr. Pressley is chauffeur to Mr. W. Douro Hoare, of the Guessons; and although the church was built during 1,100, this is the first child of a chauffeur christened in it.”

Hertfordshire Gazette.

But possibly the church’s motoring records are not quite complete for the first few centuries.

“Thereby hangs (or used to hang) a tail.”

The North China Daily News, writing on the theme of the discarded pig-tails, says: “Queues are no longer to the front.” And not nearly so long behind. “Many,” it continues, “have a tale to tell about the way they were cut off.” Altogether a very humorous passage.

STORIES OF SUCCESSFUL LIVES.

[This series is designed to assist parents in choosing a career for their sons. The author has devoted considerable time to research among the best authorities, and the results are now laid before the public in the hope that they will bring encouragement to those who are hesitating at the doors of any of the great professions.]

I.—THE SOLICITOR'S.

THE office was at its busiest, for it was Friday afternoon. John Blunt leant back in his comfortable chair and toyed with the key of the safe, while he tried to realise his new position. He, John Blunt, was junior partner in the great London firm of Macnaughton, Macnaughton, Macnaughton, Macnaughton & Macnaughton!

He closed his eyes, and his thoughts wandered back to the day when he had first entered the doors of the firm as one of two hundred and seventy-eight applicants for the post of office-boy. They had been interviewed in batches, and old Mr. Sanderson, the senior partner, had taken the first batch.

"I like your face, my boy," he had said heartily to John.

"And I like yours," replied John, not to be outdone in politeness.

"Now I wonder if you can spell 'mortgage'?"

"I think so," John had replied, "but I am not sure."

Mr. Sanderson was delighted with the lad's caution, and engaged him at once.

For three years John had done his duty faithfully. During this time he had saved the firm more than once by his readiness—particularly on one occasion, when he had called old Mr. Sanderson's attention to the fact that he had signed a letter to a firm of stockbrokers, "Your loving husband Macnaughton, Macnaughton, Macnaughton, Macnaughton & Macnaughton." Mr. Sanderson, always a little absent-minded, corrected the error, and promised the boy his articles. Five years later John Blunt was a solicitor.

And now he was actually junior partner in the firm—the firm of which it was said in the City, "If a man has Macnaughton, Macnaughton, Macnaughton, Macnaughton & Macnaughton behind him he is all right." The City is always coining pithy little epigrams like this.

There was a knock at the door of the enquiry office and a prosperous-looking gentleman came in.

"Can I see Mr. Macnaughton?" he said politely to the office boy.

"There isn't no Mr. Macnaughton," replied the latter. "They all died years ago."

"Well, well, can I see one of the partners?"

"You can't see Mr. Sanderson,

because he's having his lunch," said the boy. "Mr. Thorpe hasn't come back from lunch yet, Mr. Peters has just gone out to lunch, Mr. Williams is expected back from lunch every minute, Mr. Gourlay went out to lunch an hour ago, Mr. Beamish—"

"Tut, tut, isn't anybody in?"

"Mr. Blunt is in," said the boy, and took up the telephone. "If you wait a moment I'll see if he's awake."

Half an hour later Mr. Masters was shown into John Blunt's room.

"I'm sorry I was engaged," said John. "A most important client. Now what can I do for you, Mr.—er—Masters?"

"I wish to make my will."

"By all means," said John cordially.

"I have only one child, to whom I intend to leave all my money."

"Ha!" said John, with a frown. "This will be a lengthy and difficult business."

"But you can do it?" asked Mr. Masters anxiously. "They told me at the hairdresser's that Macnaughton, Macnaughton, Macnaughton, Macnaughton & Macnaughton was the cleverest firm in London."

"We can do it," said John simply; "but it will require all our care, and I think it would be best if I were to come and stay with you for the week-end. We could go into it properly then."

"Thank you," said Mr. Masters, clasping the other's hand. "I was just going to suggest it. My motor car is outside. Let us go at once."

"I will follow you in a moment," said John, and pausing only to snatch a handful of money from the safe for incidental expenses and to tell the boy that he would be back on Monday he picked up the well-filled week-end bag which he always kept ready, and hurried after the other.

Inside the car Mr. Masters was confidential.

"My daughter," he said, "comes of age to-morrow."

"Oh, it's a daughter?" said John in surprise. "Is she pretty?"

"She is considered to be the prettiest girl in the county."

"Really?" said John. He thought a moment, and added, "Can we stop at a post-office? I must send an important business telegram." He took out a form and wrote "Macmacmacmac, London. Shall not be back till Wednesday.—BLUNT."

The car stopped and then sped on again.

"Amy has never been any trouble to me," said Mr. Masters, "but I am getting old now, and I would give a thousand pounds to see her happily married."

"To whom would you give it?" asked John, whipping out his pocket-book.

"Tut, tut, a mere figure of speech. But I would settle a hundred thousand pounds on her on the wedding day."

"Indeed?" said John thoughtfully. "Can we stop at another post-office?" he added, bringing out his fountain pen again. He took out a second telegraph form and wrote: "Macmacmacmac, London. Shall not be back till Friday.—BLUNT."

The car dashed on again, and an hour later arrived at a commodious mansion standing in its own well-timbered grounds of upwards of several acres. At the front-door a graceful figure was standing.

"My solicitor, dear, Mr. Blunt," said Mr. Masters.

"It is very good of you to come all this way on my father's business," she said shyly.

"Not at all," said John. "A week or—or a fortnight—or—" he looked at her again—"or—three weeks, and the thing is done."

"Is making a will so very difficult?"

"It's a very tricky and complicated affair indeed. However, I think we shall pull it off. Er—might I send an important business telegram?"

"Macmacmacmac, London," wrote John. "Very knotty case. Date of return uncertain. Please send more cash for incidental expenses.—BLUNT."

Yes, you have guessed what happened. It is an every-day experience in a solicitor's life. John Blunt and Amy Masters were married at St. George's, Hanover Square, last May. The wedding was a quiet one owing to mourning in the bride's family—the result of a too sudden perusal of Macnaughton, Macnaughton, Macnaughton, Macnaughton & Macnaughton's bill of costs. As Mr. Masters said with his expiring breath—he didn't mind paying for our Mr. Blunt's skill; nor yet for our Mr. Blunt's valuable time—even if most of it was spent in courting Amy; nor, again, for our Mr. Blunt's tips to the servants; but he did object to being charged the first-class railway fare both ways when our Mr. Blunt had come down and gone up again in the car. And perhaps I ought to add that that is the drawback to this fine profession. One is so often misunderstood.

A. A. M.

"The evening session was somewhat peculiar as Stevenson averaged 40, but only totalled 160. . . . The explanation was that he only had four innings."—*Manchester Guardian*.

Another minute and we should have guessed it by ourselves.



THE SUFFRAGE SPLIT.

SIR GEORGE ASKWITH *Fairy Peacemaker.*
MR. ASQUITH *Master of the Horse.*

ASQUITH (to Askwith). "NOW THAT YOU'VE CHARMED YON DRAGON I SHALL NEED YE TO STOP THE STRIKE INSIDE THIS FRACTIOUS GEE-GEE."





Soft-hearted Mistress. "OH, NO; PLEASE DON'T DISTURB THEM JUST YET. THEY WERE UP SO LATE LAST NIGHT, POOR DEARS. I'LL WALK HOME, AND YOU TELL THEM TO COME ON WHEN THEY WAKE."

A PATRIOTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

[*"On the ground that it would 'altogether upset the routine of business,' and would 'greatly interfere with the comfort and convenience of visitors,' Sheringham District Council, Norfolk, has declined a proposed visit, in August, by 10,000 Territorials, with several thousand horses and 70 guns, for a training camp.*

The Finance Committee instructed the clerk to ask two landowners not to afford the authorities facilities for obtaining the necessary ground."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

To the General Commanding Army of Invasion, Aug. 1, 1913.

SIR,—On behalf of the Sheringham District Council I must make a formal protest against the highly irregular and illegal conduct of certain persons under your command. The Council is credibly informed that at 7 A.M. this morning several thousand troops were disembarked on the portion of the shore especially reserved for lady bathers—a distinct violation of By-law No. 153. The Council desires me to warn you that all these persons are liable to a penalty of 40s. and costs. In the second place all the donkeys on the sands have been illegally secured by one of your officers, thus depriving the watering-place of one of its chief attractions. In the third place a missile (discharged in direct violation of By-law 63 prohibiting the use of air-guns, catapults and other dangerous weapons within the area of the Council's authority) has wrecked the band-stand, causing damage which can only be covered by a halfpenny rate. Finally, the unexpected arrival of so many strangers—without the ordinary courtesy of a formal notice

to the Council—has created quite a panic amongst the regular visitors.

The Council is of opinion that a continuation of this conduct will ruin the summer season and greatly interfere with the routine of business. The Council therefore requests you to withdraw your troops at once and re-land them either at Lowestoft or Yarmouth. At these places, which are the resort of the vulgar excursionist class, the arrival of foreign troops is less likely to cause painful annoyance.

On behalf of the District Council,

J. SNOOKS, Clerk.

To the General Commanding Army of Invasion, Aug. 2, 1913.

SIR,—The Council instructs me to say that it is in receipt of your letter of today and that it notes with deep regret your threat to flog the members of the Council (in distinct violation of By-law No. 81 prohibiting all violence in public places). The Council is of opinion that this threat is not only unkind but altogether uncalled for. The position of the District Council has been absolutely consistent on this subject. In the interests of business and the visitors it has always objected to the arrival of English or foreign troops at Sheringham as being a drawback to trade, demoralising to maid-servants and disturbing to visitors. We must also point out that the amenities of the golf links—one of the town's main attractions—have to be considered.

On behalf of the District Council,

J. SNOOKS, Clerk.

To Admiral Commanding British Fleet, Aug. 3, 1913.

SIR,—The District Council instructs me to make an emphatic protest against the disturbance of our attractive watering-place. The Council understands that the firing of heavy guns has a ruinous effect on plate glass windows. Many of our visitors are confirmed invalids and elderly ladies, and the medical men of the town decline to be responsible if shells and other dangerous missiles are allowed to wander at will through the streets. Though the Council wishes you success in your undertaking, yet it thinks it reasonable to suggest that the Foreign Fleet be removed at least five miles out to sea before operations begin. Or perhaps some other watering-place on the coast (patronised by a vulgar type of visitor) might think the contest would be an attraction for excursionists.

On behalf of the District Council,

J. SNOOKS, Clerk.

From Admiral Commanding British Fleet to District Councillors of Sheringham, Aug. 4, 1913.

GENTLEMEN,—When I have done my business and broken your plate glass and frightened your old women I will give instructions that the members of your Council shall be publicly smacked on the sea front.

"Wanted capable man to braise and swage saws."—Advt. in "Sheffield Daily Independent."

This is appositely headed "Musical Appointments Vacant."

"LABBY."

By TOBY, M.P.

WHO was the genial philosopher who said, "If you want to know how the Universe will get along after you have passed away, stick a knitting-needle in a pond, withdraw it, and look for the impression it made on the surface"? The lesson here indicated has particular applicability to the House of Commons. Some of us remember a time when Dizzy sat on the Treasury Bench, cynosure of all eyes, his lightest word eagerly listened to, his slightest movement commented upon. More still recall the time when the mighty presence of GLADSTONE filled and dominated the House. It seemed that if in the course of nature they must needs go, we might as well stow away the Mace, put up the shutters, and sadly go our ways.

It is a curious fact that in the Parliament of to-day and yesterday their names are mentioned extremely seldom. Half-a-dozen years ago, when PRINCE ARTHUR was still Premier, someone quoted a declaration of Dizzy's, hostile to an argument he had just submitted. "Mr. DISRAELI," said PRINCE ARTHUR, turning an angry countenance upon his abashed follower, "has been dead for some time."

On a lower plane, but after the same fashion, was the effect of LABBY's withdrawal from the familiar scene. Through a succession of Parliaments his had been a prominent and popular figure, few members more constant in attendance. He loved the House of Commons, and was never so happy as when taking part in its inner or outer life. His preference was, perhaps, for the former condition. He was even happier in his chair in the Smoking Room, surrounded by a delighted audience, than he was in his corner seat below the Gangway, impartially chaffing Ministers or right hon. gentlemen on the Front Bench or on the other side of the Table. He was at his worst when delivering a sedulously prepared speech in exposition of not infrequent Resolutions submitted by

him. He did not carry weight enough for the operation of a 12-inch cannon. It was as a quick-firing gun in Committee or at Question time that he was most effective.

As a Parliamentary power, and his influence was considerable, he was more in his element about the ante-rooms of the House than when under full view of the SPEAKER's eye. He had a passion for intrigue. If there was any under-current of feeling hostile to the Government of the day, to the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION or to any individual Member of personal distinction, be sure LABBY knew all about it and played a considerable part in its direction. This habit did not arise from envy, hatred or malice. From these weaknesses of

that GLADSTONE, reinstated in power, was prepared to meet the claim, but was over-ruled by a higher authority.

LABBY, though reticent on the main question, delighted to tell how one afternoon, when the Ministry was completed and the name of the Member for Northampton did not appear in the list, Mr. G., uninvited, dropped into tea at Old Palace Yard. He won the heart of his hostess by his enchanting manner. One likes to think of LABBY looking on, smoking his eternal cigarettes, whilst "the old man," as he called the chief, discoursed upon all subjects in the world save the one which at the moment filled his mind—a desire to make known to the man whom he personally liked, of whose services he

was fully conscious, how profoundly he regretted inability to gratify his just expectation.

And now LABBY has gone the way of DISRAELI, GLADSTONE and a crowd of other men who for awhile filled large spaces in the House of Commons. And still the House will unconcernedly go its old familiar way. The SPEAKER will take the Chair at the appointed hour; the Orders of the Day will be called on; the Division Lobbies will fill and empty, and at the close of the day there will echo through the House the old cry, "Who goes home?"

the crowd hurrying off, forgetful of some who have already reached their last rest.

Sing low, my lute, sing low, my lute,
We fade and are forgotten.

From a letter in *The Westminster*:

"Most people ignore the decimal nature of our nation."

The reference must be to the submerged tenth.

"MONEY MARKET."

"SOVEREIGNS WITHDRAWN FOR INDIA"

Times.

Fortunately another week or so sees them back again.

From an advt. in *The North China Daily News* of a Cinema exhibition:

"ANNUAL FAT CATTLE SHOW.
300 ALDERMEN MARCH TO CHURCH."

We can picture the whole scene.



"MARY, HOW WAS IT I SAW YOU ENTERTAINING A POLICEMAN TO SUPPER LAST NIGHT?"

"I DUNNO, MUM, UNLESS YOU WAS PEERIN' THRO' THE KEY'OLE."

temperament LABBY was absolutely free. He was animated solely by desire to be behind the scenes of everything that was going on—an impulse perhaps born of tendency to sheer mischief. A cynic in speech, he was at heart one of the kindest, most genial men in the world, preserving to the last his personal popularity with both sides and all sections of Party in the House of Commons.

A born strategist, master of the forms of debate, he did substantial service to the Liberal Party in Opposition in the Parliament elected in 1886. When, largely owing to his un remitting efforts, the Unionist majority was whittled away, the General Election of 1892 finally disposing of it, he had good reason to believe that acknowledgment of his yeoman service would be made by appointment to office. It is no secret

STARTLING RESULTS OF EXOTIC INFLUENCE ON THE PERSIAN NATIVE.



I.—IN THE RUSSIAN SPHERE OF INFLUENCE.



II.—IN THE BRITISH SPHERE OF INFLUENCE.

THE ALIEN LAUREL.

I.

(Extract from the literary columns of "The Universe.")

In *The Pan-English Review* there are several contributions of exceptional merit, but we venture to doubt if the editor was well advised in printing "The Lure of Her Lips," a poem by Mr. Williamson Jelfe. It contains some powerful lines, but the subject is, to put it plainly, repulsive, and Mr. Jelfe's treatment does not make it less so. We think Mr. Jelfe would do better to confine himself to the geological studies with which his name has hitherto been honourably connected.

II.

(Extract from an article on "The Monthlies" in "The Cross-Bow.")

The poetry this month is not of a very high standard, but from this judgment we must except "The Lure of Her Lips," by Mr. Williamson Jelfe, in *The Pan-English Review*. This is undoubtedly the most remarkable poem that has appeared for many a long year. It vibrates with passion, and the writer's power of expression is adequate to the strange beauty of his subject. We do not say that it will please the ninecompoops who direct English literary judgment. It is not addressed to the *jeune file*. But for sheer splendid virility it would be difficult to match it in the poetry of this or any age.

III.

(From Mr. Williamson Jelfe to the Editor of "The Pan-English Review.")

SIR,—Words would not be equal to describing my astonishment at finding in your issue of this month that I am credited with the authorship of a poem entitled "The Lure of Her Lips." I can only say that I consider it a most dreadful poem, and I cannot make out its metre. If I understand the intention of the author it is to glorify the most terrible things. I have never read anything worse anywhere. What I want to say is that I did not write it. I could never dream of doing such a thing, and I must therefore ask you to insert an immediate apology in *The Times* and all the other papers. It is true that I did submit to you for insertion an article entitled "Palaeontological Aspects of a Neglected District," but that is no excuse for attributing such a poem to me. Kindly let me hear from you at once.

IV.

(The Editor of "The Pan-English Review" to Mr. Williamson Jelfe.)

SIR,—I own that your letter has surprised me. You deny the authorship of "The Lure of Her Lips," but you will see that the MS. (which I enclose) bears your name—though the address is different. You will remember that I informed you that your contribution was only just in time for insertion in this issue. I regret that in the hurry of the moment no proof was sent to you. The Poem has, I may tell you, created a great sensation and has materially increased the sale of the Review. I enclose a cutting from *The Cross-Bow*, which will show you how favourably it is being noticed by those who are most competent to judge. It gives me great pleasure to enclose for your acceptance a cheque for £20 in payment for the poem. Kindly acknowledge receipt on the accompanying form.

V.

(From Mr. Williamson Jelfe to the Editor of "The Pan-English Review.")

SIR,—I am much obliged for your letter and cheque, receipt for which I enclose. Under the circumstances it

will perhaps be better for me to say nothing more about this unfortunate business—though some of my friends may find it hard to understand how I can reconcile the writing of such a poem with the secretaryship of the Palaeontological Association. However, they must think what they like. Do you propose to publish my article on "The Palaeontological Aspects of a Neglected District"?

VI.

(From Miss Harrison Bale to her nephew, Williamson Jelfe.)

MY DEAR NEPHEW,—A little bird has whispered to me that you have added the *laurels of a poet* to your other distinctions, and I am dying to see the poem which has brought you such fame. Here in Winterville we see no magazines, but I have sent to my bookseller and have ordered a copy of *The Pan-English Review*—what a strange name for a paper! It has always been my ambition that my favourite nephew should *shine* as an author, for in these days old-fashioned *morality* requires the defence of everybody who has a *heart* and a *conscience*.

Your advice about my last investments has been wonderfully sound—and yet they say that poets cannot be business men! Your affectionate aunt,

HARRISON.

VII.

(From Mr. Williamson Solfe to the Editor of "The Pan-English Review.")

SIR,—I see you have published my poem, "The Lure of Her Lips." Kindly send payment for it to the above address, and be good enough to note that my name is "Solfe," not "Jelfe," as you print it—a very annoying error. A word to that effect in your next issue will oblige. I cannot understand why no proof was sent to me.

Yours faithfully, WILLIAMSON SOLFE.

(This correspondence is still continuing, but we can print no more.)

TWO THAT PARTED.

I know not when the severance began,
Now plain, alas! for every eye to see,
And, though full many friends conferred, no man
Could place before the twain a remedy.

Themselves could never state the actual cause,
And neither owned an unforgiving heart,
Nor ever sinned against good-feeling's laws,
Yet day by day Time saw them draw apart;

Time that from infancy had watched their rise
Through blameless early years passed each by each;
Even I, close knit to them by natural ties,
Strove unavailingly to mend the breach.

And still our best endeavours prove in vain
To bring together that divided pair;
And now I know they will not meet again—
Those two sides of the parting in my hair.

"Again the electric tramcar is threatened. This time it is from the convenience and adaptability of the petrol-driven vehicle that danger is scented."—*Newcastle Daily Chronicle*.

Tramcar (with its nose to the wind). Jockey Club? N-no. . . . Lavender Water? N-no. . . . I shall get it directly. . . . Heavens, it's petrol! I must fly!

"The prosecutor alleges that the evidence disclosed only a part of the truth about the network of pies with which English gold is covering Germany."—*Statesman*.

A dignified reply to the network of German sausages with which Teuton gold is covering England.



Corporal (to soldier reporting sick). "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?"

Corporal. "ABDOMEN! ABDOMEN, INDEED! YOU DON'T 'AVE NO ABDOMEN; YOU 'AVE A STOMICK. IT'S ONLY ORFICERS WHAT 'AS ABDOMENS."

Tommy. "PAIN IN MY ABDOMEN."

THE LATEST EPIDEMIC.

GREAT and widespread unrest has been caused by the devastating declaration of Mr. HAMMERSTEIN to the representatives of the Press, that, unless his Opera House met with more effective support from the British public, it would probably be impossible for him and his daughter to continue their residence in London. The scene on the Stock Exchange on Wednesday baffled description; several stock-brokers were seized with cerebral conjunctivitis and Consols fell to 68. The Rubber Market quivered like a jelly, and Hoffmann Prefs. dropped to a fraction below zero.

Even more formidable, however, than these seismic perturbations in the world of finance has been the contagious influence of Mr. HAMMERSTEIN's example in other quarters.

Consternation is still raging in Printing House Square owing to the receipt of an ultimatum from Sir HENRY HOWORTH. In this remarkable document, extending to no fewer than 33 folios of

closely written script, the veteran historian of the Mongols states that, unless the Editor of *The Times* will pledge himself in future to print his communications in large type and without excisions, he will emigrate to Mongolia and stay there indefinitely. According to latest advices Mr. BUCKLE, who has summoned Sir GEORGE ASKWITH and Sir FRANCIS HORWOOD, is bearing up heroically and taking nourishment, though naturally much distressed by an announcement which may seriously complicate our relations with Russia and China.

A marconigram from New York, delayed in transmission by contact with an irrelevant iceberg, states that Lord TANKERVILLE has informed the headmaster of the school at Boston where he proposes to enter his son, that unless the game of baseball is played on Socialist principles he will send the boy back to Eton. A telegram from Windsor states that Canon LYTTELTON remains calm.

A painful sensation has been caused in Fleet Street by the rumour that the Proprietors of *The Daily News* have

threatened to change the title of their journal to *The Mourning Leader* if Sir EDWARD GREY does not resign office in a month's time.

To be Concluded in our Next.

"THE VERY NEWEST GOLF STORY.—A pleasant story comes from a Cornish golf-course. A visitor entered for a bogey competition with another visitor to mark for him, but when his card was duly sent in neither secretary nor committee could make head or tail of it. They therefore cross-examined the player as to what it meant."—*Glasgow Evening Citizen*.

The idea here seems to be that, as it takes a Scotchman a long time to see a joke, it is just as well that the point of it should be postponed for twenty-four hours, during which interlude he can be getting ready to laugh.

"Bradford lad wandered in the wilderness since September 16th without recording a solitary win away from Park Avenue, and that being the case very few held the belief that they would be able to break the ice at Nottingham."—*Bradford Daily Argus*.

Of course they wouldn't have had much practice at these winter sports in the wilderness.



THEORY AND PRACTICE.

Stud Groom. "OF STUFF THAT 'ORSE IS WHEN 'E'S FRESH."

Stud Groom. "NO, SIR, CERTAINLY NOT. I PUTS UP ONE OF THE LADS AND INSTRUCTS 'IM. IN A CASE O' THAT KIND, SIR, THE BRAINS OUGHT TO BE ON THE GROUND."

Spectator. "EVER RIDE HIM YOURSELF?"

THE RESCUE;

OR, GALLANT BEHAVIOUR AT OXFORD.

(A melodramatic piece designed for recitation.)

[During a fire which recently broke out in the Pathological Department of the Oxford Museum, considerable apprehension, we are told, was felt with regard to a number of bottles containing bacteria of several diseases; happily, however, these were safely removed.]

FIRE! and the people's faces
Blanch with a sudden dread,
And the firemen leap to their places,
And the merciful car is sped;
And the thundering rush of the horses' feet
Clears a space in the crowded street.
Whose house is that in the hot embraces
Of amorous arms and red?

Are they caught? Shall we have to free 'em
From the death that burns and clings?
"It's only the old Museum,"
A cry from the background rings.
Thank Heaven! and now the firemen close
And drench the flames with their sibilant hose;
They have simply to save a mausoleum
Of dead and mouldering things.

But stay! from an upper storey
Scared little eyes look out,
Young heads in the mad smoke's fury,
Ah, Saints! there can be no doubt.
Is there none to help them, none to aid,
Ye gallant lads of the Fire Brigade?

Yes! one with a dream of "death or glory"
Goes up by the water-spout.

He has thought of his tiny midgets
At home, and their romping games,
Whom he sometimes calls, "you fidgets,"
And other endearing names;
He has thought on them, and for them he
strives
To save those poor young innocent lives;
He has scaled the pipe with his heels and digits,
He has caught them out of the flames.

Was ever a deed done bolder,
Or battle on stiffer terms?
Oh, say not the heart beats colder
In Englishmen's epiderms!
And the women sobbed and the eyes were wet
Of hard, rude men as the hero set
Safe at our feet from his manly shoulder
That bottle of cholera germs.

EVOE.

Nurseryman's Candour.

"EULALIA JAPONICA and CYPERUS NATALENSIS—Once bought you never want them again, 6 plants, 6d."

"The children of the Fellows of the Royal Botanic Society have just had a fancy dress ball, in which some costumes were seen."
Just as well that they were visible.

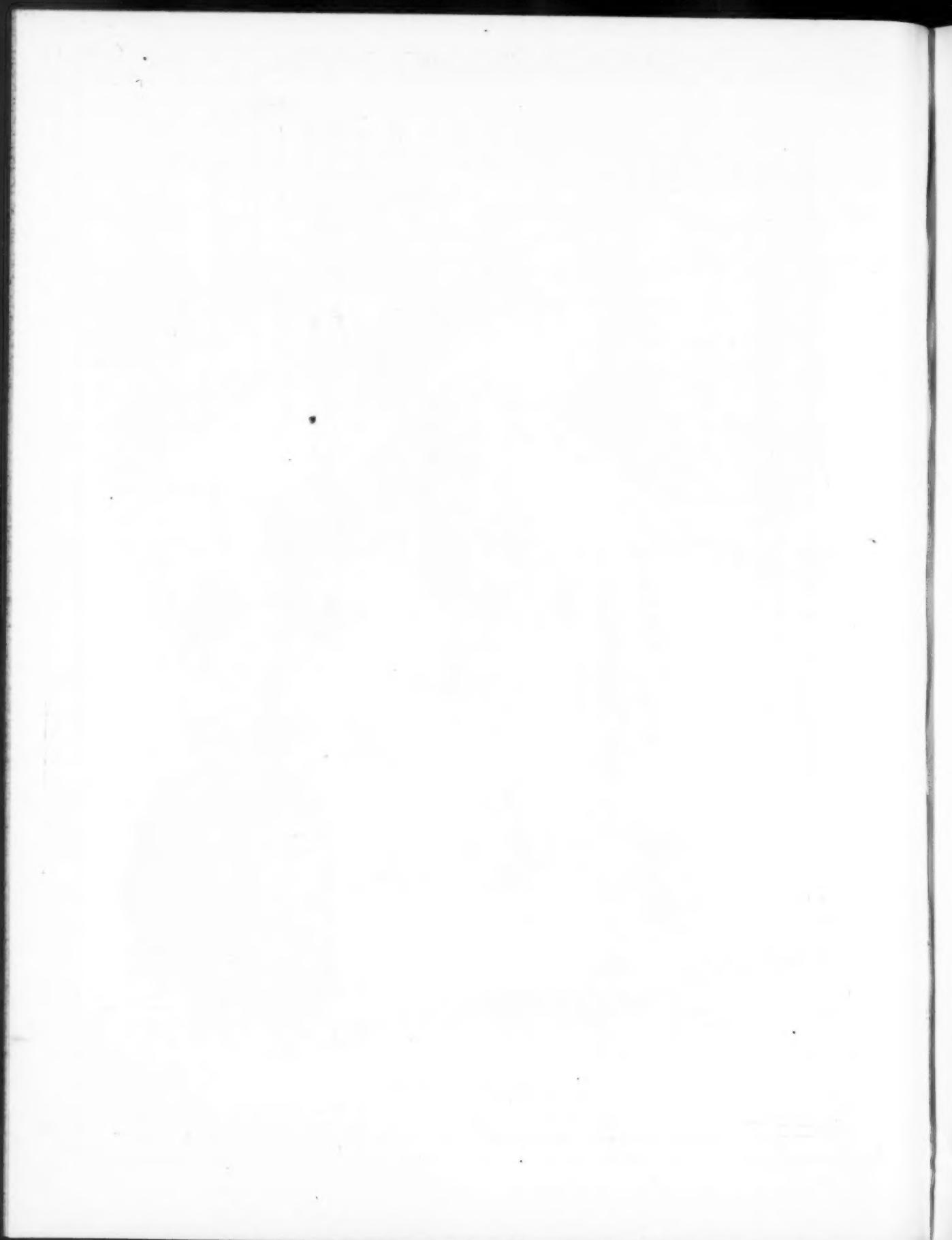
Daily Graphic.



A SILLY GAME.

SIR EDWARD CARSON. "ULSTER WILL FIGHT!"

MR. PUNCH. "WHAT! AGAINST FREE SPEECH? THEN ULSTER WILL BE WRONG!"



A DREAM.

AND at night we'd find a town,
Flat-roofed, by a star-strewn sea,
Where the pirate crew came down
To a long-forgotten quay,
And we'd meet them in the gloaming,
Tarry pigtails, back from roaming,
With a pot of pirate ginger for the likes
of her and me !

She was small and rather pale,
Grey-eyed, grey as smoke that
weaves,
And we'd watch them stowing sail,
Forty most attractive thieves;
Propped against the porphyry column,
She was seven, sweet and solemn,
And she'd hair blue-black as swallows
when they lit beneath the eaves.

On the moonlit sands and bare,
Clamorous, jewelled in the dusk,
There would be an Eastern Fair,
We could smell the mules and musk,
We could see the cressets flaring,
And we'd run to buy a fairing
Where a black man blew a fanfare on a
carven ivory tusk ;

And we'd stop before the stall
Of a grave green-turbaned khan,
Gem or flower—he kept them all—
Persian cat or yataghan,
And I'd pay a golden guinea
And she'd fill her holland pinny
With white kittens and red roses and
blue stones from Turkestan !

* * * * *
London streets have flowers anew,
London shops with gems are set ;
When you've none to give them to,
What is pearl or violet ?
Vain things both and emptinesses,
So they wait a dream-Princess's
Coming, if she's sweet and solemn with
grey eyes and hair of jet !

SERVICE INTELLIGENCE.

(Answers to Correspondents.)

TIRED OUT (ALDERSHOT).—This is undoubtedly the Leave season, but Leave is a privilege, not a right. "Travelling in Switzerland to learn the language" is a feeble excuse. Why not try "A Big Game shoot with the Secretary of State for War," or "A Yachting Cruise off Ulster with the First Lord of the Admiralty" ?

"PADRE" (DOCKYARD).—We agree with you. It seems a perfect scandal that sailors should be forced to go to church when they are obviously suffering from whooping cough, St. Vitus's dance, and hay fever. Perhaps if you would let us know the length of your sermons we might suggest a remedy.

"SQUIRE" (HAMPSHIRE).—Yes, rabbits



LUNCHEON AT THE NUTTERIES.

Fair Hostess. "AND NOW YOU MUST LET ME BUY YOU A CIGAR."

The Guest. "OH, THANKS ! THAT'S JOLLY ; AND—ER—WILL THIS TOO HAVE A NUTTY FLAVOUR ?"

are to be issued shortly as Army rations, and we see no reason why the authorities should not issue pheasants as well. Your suggestion that the War Office might rent your shooting and allow Regimental Officers (below the rank of Major) to procure their own company rations seems an excellent idea from every point of view.

"SENEX" (WEYMOUTH).—We know of no regulation which would prevent you, as an officer, from applying for an Old Age Pension. Perhaps this concession was in the minds of the authorities when they promised something would be done "shortly" for the Royal Garrison Artillery subaltern.

"FISHING TO LET" (THAMES).—See answer to "SQUIRE," substituting "trout" for "pheasants," and "fishing" for "shooting."

"Much material has been accumulated for the new ship, which will be slightly larger than King George the Fifth."—*Daily Telegraph*. God bless him, all the same.

"The Bavarian stamp is said to be one of the best designed in Europe. It is the work of the great German artist, Stuck."—*Newcastle Daily Journal*.

Thus differing from ours, which is the work of the great English artist Unstuck.

"The Lady Howard de Walden of the future has an ample scope. Seaford House teems with possibilities, and to those of Audley End there is no end" [? *jeu d'esprit*]. "It is too much for a King, but might fit a Lord Treasurer," was James the First's estimate ; but Miss Van Raalte is not abashed."—*Glasgow Evening Citizen*.

We are very glad to hear this. If there's one thing we dislike more than another, it is being "abashed."

AT THE PLAY.

"ŒDIPUS REX."

WHEN a Professor of Spectacular Drama exploits an English version of a Greek tragedy (under a Latin title) for the benefit of the modern side, I must suppose that some service is done to the cause of popular education. But I am pedant enough to doubt whether such service is not greatly overrated. Even at Cambridge, where *Œdipus* was given in Greek and put on by scholars, it was impossible to reproduce the atmosphere and conditions of the Theatre of Dionysus. Any fifth-form boy can tell you that Attic drama was an act of religious worship; that the horrors of a legend like this, that deals with parricide and incest, had been softened for the ancients by familiarity, as happens with us in the case of many of our Biblical episodes; that a Greek audience was deeply concerned with the workings of Destiny, which meant so much to them and means so little to us; and that, in respect to the literary handling of the theme, they were vastly more intrigued than we of to-day by the "ironic" method.

Now, nobody imagines that Professor REINHARDT selected *Œdipus* for the sake of the opportunities it affords for a display either of the workings of Destiny or the ironic method of presenting them. These features he might have found in a dozen other Greek tragedies far less harrowing and offensive to the modern mind. Nor can it have been the life-story of *Œdipus* that was the attraction, for his adventures are all over before the play begins, and most of his time on the stage is taken up with retrospective enquiry touching the possibility of his being his own step-father. No, I must believe that, with a single eye to his own peculiar art, the Professor selected *Œdipus* for the sake of its final horrors.

And, to do him bare justice, he rubbed them in. No one who saw it is likely to forget the repulsive hideousness of the scene where the *King* rushes out with bloody eye-sockets, flings himself against a pillar of the palace and howls at the top of his voice. We were spared nothing. No suggestion was permitted of that artistic reticence which is of the very essence of Attic tragedy. If we except the face and figure of *Jocasta* (and she was far too young for a grandmother) there was scarce a note of pure beauty to serve for relief. Much might have been made of the men-at-arms and the handmaidens, but they were not a great attraction. As for those among the audience who were having their first experience of Athenian drama, I

shudder to think what mental impression they took away of the dignity and stately grace of the noblest of the arts of Greece. At the opening of the last scene one lady in front of me turned her eyes away from the stage and refused to look at it again.



MR. MARTIN HARVEY (as *Œdipus*). "How's that, Reinhardt?"

The fact is that Professor REINHARDT has experimented brilliantly with an Arabian Night and a mediaeval legend, where the artist, let loose on virgin soil, could be a law to himself; but here there are sacred traditions, and, though he may ignore them, they remain a standard to judge him by.

In certain details he might well have kept more closely to precedent without damaging his scheme. Some of the

dresses were none too Greek; those, for instance, of the torch-bearers and female attendants suggested an Oriental Harem rather than a Theban Court. And if there is one gesture more than another about which we may be certain that the Greeks would have insisted on it, it is the gesture, traditionally symbolic of grief, by which *Jocasta* should have drawn the folds of her *himation* over the back of her head and across her face. But Miss McCARTHY wore no *himation*, and in any case she would have been fearful of disarranging her barbaric headgear.

And what was she doing with that big vase held at arms' length over her nice head—an attitude for which I know no Greek authority? And a steaming vase, too! Did the management suppose that they served their libations hot and hot? Besides, the whole proceeding was totally meaningless, since there was no visible altar or tomb to account for it.

I cannot speak as highly as I should like of the chorus of doddering elders, though they were well led. Their jerky entrance to slow music was ludicrous, and the length of their hoary beards hardly excused their lack of intelligent emotion during a series of most unusual announcements. I think, too, that they should have been told to chant their words. The convention which allows a company of people to express their views in identically the same language at the same moment, as though by collusion, is permissible in song, but becomes absurd in spoken speech. And it was unfortunate that the greater part of the stalls could see almost nothing of either the chorus or the populace of the pestilence-stricken city except their heads and lifted arms. However, it is not for me to complain, for at the Dress Rehearsal I sat in the front row, and so was right in the thick of things and had every chance I wanted of catching the plague.

A curious feature of the production—you find it also in *The Miracle*—was its striking mixture of realism and convention. On the one hand we were invited to imagine the rich colour and splendour of a Royal Palace by the aid of an unadorned and purely conventional façade, painted black, with rectangular columns and a single copper entrance. On the other hand our imaginations were not trusted to develop a multitude out of a few scattered figures. The crowd had to be all there before our eyes; just as in our ears we had to suffer those devastating screams in all their horrific realism. No symbols here, if you please.

But, when once we had recognised that no attempt was being made at



DANS LE MOUVEMENT.

Terrible predicament of stall-holder who arrives late for the performance of *Œdipus*.

archæological accuracy, there was little offence in any realism so long as it was not too ugly. I confess I heartily enjoyed the activities of some of the supers. Their free and natural movements as they raced up and down the steps in the panic that followed the Queen's death were the most engaging feature of the evening's novelty.

After seeing all three of Professor REINHARDT's productions in London, it is clear to me that his art is not so well suited to spoken drama as to dumb-show. To those who wish to give their minds to the text, his search-lights, especially when, as at Covent Garden, they are operated in full view of the audience, are almost as distracting as the elaborate decoration of, say, His Majesty's, from which he has come to wean us. Nor could I find that his illuminations were always in harmony with the action. Thus the two garish beams that played steadily on *Edipus* in all the glory of his unsullied kingship still followed and blazed upon him, with only a change in the angle of their incidence, as he groped his way out to the darkness, bodily and spiritual, of lonely exile.

Admirable artist as he is, Professor REINHARDT is suffering just now from a good deal of indiscriminate flattery, and for much that I have here said I shall be called Philistine by his devotees. Yet if MATTHEW ARNOLD, that robust Philhellene, could have assisted at this performance and made an "essay in criticism" upon it, he too, I doubt not (horrible irony!) would have received the same opprobrious epithet in that quarter. So we other Philistines would have been in good company.

Mr. MARTIN HARVEY as *Edipus* did some brave work. Physically, he misses the imposing air desirable in a first-class monarch, and a pair of stout *cothurni* were called in to redress his deficiency of stature. He indicated well the slow dawn and reluctant progress of self-suspicion. He was justified, too, in those sudden flashes of temper that recalled his inexcusable conduct at the cross-roads, which (under Providence) was the cause of all the trouble. Perhaps he showed too indecent a joy at the news of the death of Polybus, his supposed father. True, it seemed to rid him of one of the oracle's haunting threats; but, after all, in this good old Corinthian he had lost a very amiable parent.

Miss LILLAH McCARTHY as *Jocasta* was a splendid figure, and she played with a very sincere intensity. A friend protested to me that her manner was too "temperamental." But in a modern production where so little pretence was



A CONTEMPORARY HAS NOTICED THAT FOREIGN LADIES HAVE THE GREATEST ADMIRATION FOR OUR LONDON POLICEMEN. ONE LADY MADE A PRACTICE OF ASKING THE SAME POLICEMAN THE WAY SEVERAL TIMES A DAY, JUST FOR THE JOY OF TALKING TO HIM. SOON WE SHALL SEE THE TRAFFIC HELD UP WHILE A POPULAR CONSTABLE SIGNS HIS AUTOGRAPH FOR HIS ADMIRERS.

made of reviving the Greek manner, I cannot blame her for behaving (I don't say she did) as if this were a tragedy from the pen of Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER.

The enunciation of all the actors was sound, with the notable exception of Mr. LOUIS CALVERT. His *Creon* from time to time was frankly Metropolitan. And I have to complain of the pronunciation of the name *Tiresias*. The *e* in the middle of that word is by nature one of the shortest I have ever met; yet, on the appearance of the veteran seer at the back of the stalls, the leader of the chorus, as he hailed him, made it long, and kept it long with a remorseless insistence—"Tireeeeeesias"!

Perhaps the single performance that came most near to the Greek quality of restraint was that of Mr. DYALL, as the Messenger from the Palace. But the chief honours (SOPHOCLES himself being *hors concours*) were due to the

translator, Professor GILBERT MURRAY, whom nobody thought of inviting to take a call.

On the whole I must felicitate everybody on a sporting spectacle, sufficiently well-adapted to the kind of general audience that was likely to assemble in Covent Garden, never the peculiar home of scholarship. But it would be easy to attach too much importance to the event, as in the pardonable exaltation betrayed by Mr. HARVEY in his First Night Speech. Which reminds me to ask, by way of a final grumble, why Professor REINHARDT, that master of artistic illusion, did not forbid the deadly disillusionment of these reappearances in response to popular applause and clamour. I shall have a more profound belief in the New-Dramatic-Art-For-Art's-Sake when I read in my programme: "No calls, and no flowers, by request." O. S.

THE ROGUES.

ARTISTS in fraud are always with us, but it is unusual to meet with three good examples in one week. Yet I have just done so. I had drifted into a billiard saloon in the West Central district, where there are many tables, including French ones without pockets, and I noticed two men playing. Their game was indifferent, but they themselves were so difficult to place that I was interested. Not bookmakers on the one side, or dealers of any kind on the other, but a type, distinctly Hebraic, between. They were carefully dressed, but very common, and they had both time and money, for here they were idling as early as half-past four.

They left before I did, and passing out soon afterwards into a busy street I found myself looking into one of those shops from which the windows and door have been removed in order that sales by auction may be the more easily carried on in them. The auctioneer was shouting in the rostrum, and behold he was one of the billiard players! Pictures, busts, watches, jewellery and ornaments were the stock, and a gaudy pair of vases was being put up. There was hesitation in bidding, and at last a voice offered five shillings. After a few languid bids the vases were knocked down to this speculator, whom I could not see, for a pound.

"Some people think these sales are not genuine," the auctioneer said, "but I give you my word they are. Some say that these bids are made by our own friends, just to encourage the others; but it is untrue. You, Sir," he added, turning to the successful bidder, "you have never seen me before, have you?"

We all looked towards the gentleman in question and a displacement of heads permitted me to see him clearly. It was the other player in the game of billiards.

"You've never seen me before, have you, Sir?" the auctioneer inquired again.

"Never," said the man.

That was on a Thursday. The next day I met by chance an old acquaintance, in whose curiosity shop in the seaside town that I was now visiting again I had, twenty and more years ago, spent far too much time, drawn thither partly by a natural leaning towards pictures and books and pottery and all the other odds and ends which come from every corner of the earth and all ages to make up the stock-in-trade of such places, but more by the personality of the dealer. Nominally he was a goldsmith and jeweller, as

every great artist in Italy used to be, but actually he was an amusing loafer. He sat at his little vice, with a file in his hand, and did nothing but talk. He passed his fingers through his bushy iron-grey locks, glanced at the reflection of his bright eyes and ruddy cheeks in the mirror—there was always a mirror—and talked. His pet illusion was that he was Byronic. He had a scorn for revealed religion that he thought Byronic, although it was really of the brand of FOOTE and TAXIL; he had a contempt for the moral code which he thought Byronic, although it was merely the most ordinary self-indulgence. But BYRON having been loose in such matters, he was looser with a greater courage. He had a mischievous, sardonic view of the world which he thought was Byronic, but which was quite genuine and belonged to his nature. Nothing gave him so much pleasure as to watch the swindlers of his secondary profession at work. We used to discuss poetry and painting, but above all the riddle of life, and on his part always destructively. It was a very school for cynicism, this little shop, where nothing, so far as I knew, was ever sold and I was the only *habitué*. He had an adopted niece, aged about seven—a pert, pretty little creature whom he spoiled utterly; he had a complaining wife who had no patience with his treatment of his niece, his Byronic airs, his verbose sloth or his prevailing gaiety, and affected none. He also had a retinue of complacent servant-girls whom his tropes and flashy theories delighted.

Such was my Byronic friend in 1887 to about 1890; and I must confess not often to have thought of him since; and then last week, on this flying visit to my old town, I saw him again. He was bending over a portfolio, but I knew his back at once. His hair had become white and a little thinner; but everything else was the same: the ruddy cheek, the sparkling eye, always lighting up at the originality of some world-old denial or affirmation, the Byronic open collar, the Byronic necktie. He did not recognise me at first; but instantly afterwards we resumed the intercourse of twenty years before; although now it was I who was the older, not he. With him time had stood still. The only change in his talk was a tinge of embitterment, not that he had failed financially, but that his friends had left him. The complaining wife was dead, nor did his references to her dim his brilliant orbs; but his adopted niece—it was her hostility and her husband's to himself that he found such a pill. The old

burden, "After all I had done, too," rolled out once more, that phrase which summarises so much of man's dealings with man and perhaps more of woman's dealings with woman.

He soon checked himself, however, remembering my ancient tastes, and clutched my arm. "What a world!" he chuckled, "what a world! I'll show you something—something to interest you. It's not far," and he pulled me along to the window of an old picture shop. "Hush," he said, "be careful: walls have ears; but just look at that painting there, that portrait. What do you make of that?"

It was a woman's face, obviously eighteenth century, of the period, say, of RAMSAY and REYNOLDS. She glimmered at us through layers of grime and blister. "When do you think that was painted?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know," I said. "1780 perhaps."

He doubled himself up with wicked joy. "What a world!" he exclaimed. "Three weeks ago! What a world!"

"Nonsense!" I replied.

"Truth," he said. "I know the painter."

He again pulled my sleeve and we retired to a passage. He looked fearfully round and drew from his pocket a creased page of a magazine. It was an art magazine of recent date, and the plate represented another eighteenth-century lady. Underneath was printed "Newly discovered Romney."

He leaned against the wall and squirmed. "Same man," he gurgled at last. "Same man. I watched him paint it. What a world! Law, I don't want to die yet!"

THE WORLD'S GREATEST MEN.

THE comments of various distinguished publicists on Mr. CARNEGIE's list of the Twenty Greatest Men have appeared in *The Review of Reviews*. We are glad to be able to supplement these by a batch of letters from some of the Twenty Greatest Editors.

Mr. HARRY AUSTINSON, who has an undoubted right to be regarded as the greatest living authority in the world of gastronomic journalism, was the first to whom the list was submitted, and his comments are thus racily expressed:—

"Not being myself a Scoto-American ironmaster, and having some interest in the palpitating actualities of life and letters, I am not satisfied with a selection which omits BRILLAT SAVARIN, SOYER, Captain HANK HARRIS, the famous Old Brandy Blender, Sir KENNEDY MARLOW, the importer of the Bologna y Bologna cigar, and CHARLES



MARGINAL NOTES ON HISTORY.

ONCE MORE KING ALFRED TELLS HIS FAVOURITE STORY OF THE BURNT CAKES.

WELBY, the renowned chocolate liquor-ice manufacturer. I confess to some surprise also that WAGNER, who is, I am proud to say, a contributor to *The Great Sennile Review*, does not figure in the CARNEGIE Twenty, for WAGNER was undoubtedly a man of Big Brain Stuff, and Mr. CARNEGIE, I have been led to suppose, enjoys his music on the pianola. But there is no accounting for tastes in greatness any more than in cigars or old brandy. My list runs as follows: (1) CASANOVA; (2) Sir KENNEDY MARLOW; (3) BENEVUTO CELLINI; (4) FILSON YOUNG, inventor of sandpaper; (5) HANK HARRIS, inventor of the Big Stick Brandy; (6) WAGNER, inventor of Adult Opera; (7) Sir ALFRED MOND; (8) Marshal TUREEN; (9) HANNIBAL, inventor of the Caudine Fork; (10) ARNOLD BENNETT, inventor of rotary romance; (11) JOHN MASEFIELD, inventor of the detonating hot-blast rhyming jenny; (12) SOYER; (13) BRILLAT SAVARIN; (14) FORTNUM; (15) MASON; (16) HENNESSY; (17) CHAS. WELBY, conversationalist and confectioner; (18) Lord MOUNT-CARMEL, the inventor of pineapple

wood-pulp; (19) JULIUS CÆSAR; (20) HARRY AUSTINSON, the destroyer of juvenile journalism."

The Editor of *The Morning Leader* and *Star* simply contents himself with sending the following list: (1) Captain COE; (2) Mr. CADBURY; (3) Lord LONSDALE; (4) Mr. ARTHUR PONSONBY, M.P.; (5) Lord COURTNEY OF PENWITH; (6) Old JOE; (7) ARISTIDES; (8) Mr. MASSINGHAM; (9) The KAISER; (10) M. CAILLAUX; (11) Lord PONTYPRIDD; (12) Rev. C. SILVESTER HORNE; (13) Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL; (14) Dr. SUN YAT-SEN; (15) Baron DE FOREST; (16) Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE; (17) Sir VICTOR HORSLEY; (18) Dr. CLIFFORD; (19) Mr. LLOYD GEORGE; (20) Mr. URE.

The Editor of *The Nation* writes: "In my opinion the cataloguing of the World's Greatest Men is invidious. Far more valuable and helpful would be a list of the World's Worst Enemies—the leading *hostes humani generis*. I do not wish to imply that the subjoined list is exhaustive, but I do think that it may serve a useful purpose in holding up to well-merited infamy some of the most conspicuous miscreants of the

moment: (1) Sir EDWARD GREY; (2) Sir EDWARD CARSON; (3) Lord CROMER; (4) Lord ROBERTS; (5) Sir ROBERT BADEN-POWELL; (6) Mr. BRIAND; (7) Mr. BLATCHFORD; (8) Lord ROTHSCHILD; (9) Mr. C. R. L. FLETCHER; (10) Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING; (11) Lord CLAUD HAMILTON; (12) Lord LANSDOWNE; (13) The Dean of St. PAUL'S; (14) Mr. CHARLES BROOKFIELD; (15) The LORD CHANCELLOR; (16) Lord HALSBURY; (17) Sir EDWARD FRY; (18) M. PAUL CAMBON; (19) M. JULES CAMBON; (20) M. DELCASSE."

"In future, all sausages made by this butcher will be the result of an electrically-driven machine."—*Electrics*.

The day of the horse is over.

"It is difficult to believe that Sir James Crichton Browne, the seventy-two year old bridegroom, is half his age."—*Western Daily Mercury*.

Knowing that he isn't, we shan't try.

"LAD CHARGED WITH SHOOTING AT BLACK-POOL."—*Standard*.

Did he get nuts or a cigar? He can't have missed.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I AM going to give myself a rare pleasure. I am going to praise whole-heartedly a novel by an author whose work was previously quite unknown to me. I see from the advertisements, and indeed now remember to have heard, that Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE has already written a story that was very well received; but, as this had escaped me personally, I approached *Carnival* (MARTIN SECKER) with a mind wholly free from bias. After reading a couple of pages I settled myself in my chair for a happy evening, and thenceforward the fascination of the book held me like a kind of enchantment. I despair, though, of being able to convey any idea of it in a few lines of criticism. To say that *Carnival* is the story of a modern dancing-girl is nothing; there have been twenty such. But this book, I give you my word, is different. *Jenny Pearl* herself, the central figure, is so alive in all her tricks and mannerisms; her slang, her independence, and the strivings of her small spirit are all so real; and the incidents of her short life follow so naturally and inevitably that only in retrospect does one appreciate the tragedy of it. This partly is why the book impressed me with such an effect of truth. Actually Mr. MACKENZIE has written one of the grimdest tragedies that I remember to have met with; but because he has never once forced the note, being content rather to let events and characters speak for themselves, it might pass on a casual reading for a record of trivial happiness. As for the style, I will only add that it gave me the same blissful feeling of security that one has in listening to a great musician—the knowledge that every tone will be exquisitely right. This may seem extravagant praise, and may turn out to be an entirely personal impression. We shall see. In the meantime, having recorded my delight in it, I shall put *Carnival* upon the small and by no means crowded shelf holding those works of fiction that I reserve "for keeps."

Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY achieves a result which I am forced to admire, but against her methods I find myself in constant revolt. It is true that in *Maid's Money* (HEINEMANN) her sentences are a little less abrupt and *Jingle*-like than in *A Large Room*, but they still produce a curious effect of looseness and haphazard arrangement. She would reply, I suppose, that this is the way in which her characters are looking at life, and that it is their story, not hers. To pass on from manner to matter, the subject of *Maid's Money* is one of such apparent barrenness that it might well have given pause to the author of *The Old Wives' Tale*; for Mrs. DUDENEY begins by introducing us to four people—two men and two women—all past forty, with no previous love-affairs, none of them good-looking,

and two at least distinctly repellent; and she then proceeds to describe their efforts in the direction of romance. These are hampered by the facts that both bachelors are poor, and that the two spinsters, who are cousins, have been left a small fortune by an aunt upon the condition that if either marries she must lose her share. In *Sarah*, the vivacious and sympathetic heroine, the authoress has, I think, drawn a really live and haunting character: for the rest, I must find this further fault with *Maid's Money*, that, though the scene is laid near the Lizard, and though a considerable part of the book is concerned with the dyspeptic troubles of *Amy*, the other legatee, and the greediness of *Dr. Bosanquet*, her admirer, there is no mention anywhere of Cornish cream.

Miss ELLEN ADA SMITH has a kind heart and a fluent pen, some skill in handling a theme and a sense of romance. Nevertheless I found *The Last Stronghold* (LONG) little to my liking. Of *Lucy Kaye* and all the other good people

who ran the gratuitous asylum for impoverished workers at *Loventor*, Miss SMITH writes with a single eye to their good qualities and from a loyal point of view, which would have been staunch and admirable in a friend of real life, but lacks the criticism necessary to an author of fiction. We novel-readers are not above backbiting: we are out to learn the defects, as well as the merits, of the characters we study. We like here and there a touch of oblique motive, an act or two of unpremeditated selfishness, at least some show of temper. It is hopeless to expect a

novelist's idea of crime to have anything in common with the lawyer's, but even a moral fraud, if the story is going to hinge on it and a term of imprisonment result from the confession of it, ought not to be entirely honourable, altruistic, even heroic. Yet, when *Miss Kaye* impersonated her brother at his examination, her intentions were of the best, her justification almost complete, and the effects very nearly innocuous. Again, if only one of the people on whom she lavished her subsequent legacy had shown a grasping nature, the splendid conduct of the others would have carried more conviction. I like contrast; but there may be a section of the public with a taste for unrelieved magnanimity and undiluted worth, which will find the unfailing gentleness of the dialogue an adequate substitute for the humour that is wanting. Let me encourage that section to buy the book, for Miss SMITH means very well by the world, and her optimism, if it could be made a little less promiscuous, should be encouraged.

From a circular—

"Please send at the same time particulars of the First Sale of Corsets now on."

Perhaps it's better to wait till they're off before proposing to buy them.



Coster (to his wife, who has fallen off the barrow). "WHEN I STARTS AIRYPLANIN' I SHALL 'AVE TO LEAVE YOU AT 'OME, I CAN SEE THAT."